UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY.

Senior Editor: JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Assistant Editor: CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY

Editorial Contributors:

RICHARD BARTRAM, J. VILA BLAKE, CHARLES F. DOLE, JOHN R. EFFINGER, EMIL G. HIRSCH, FREDERICK L. HOSMER, WILLIAM C. GANNETT, ELLEN T. LEONARD, JOHN C. LEARNED, EMMA E. MAREAN, HENRY DOTY MAXSON, R. HEBER NEWTON, WILLIAM M. SALTER, MINOT J. SAVAGE, MARION D. SHUTTER, HENRY M. SIMMONS, JAMES G. TOWNSEND, KATE GANNETT WELLS,

UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE: Messrs. Blake, Gannett, Hosmer, Jones, Learned and Simmons.

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Contents.

EDITORIAL.	PAGE.
Notes	139
1492 1892	139
One More.—OSCAR MCCULLOCH	140
A Handful of Sayings from Mr. Maxson	140
Men and Things.	140
CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.	
Transition.—HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD	141
An Unhappy Man's New Year's Eve.	141
To a Crank	141
Future Existence	141
Backward or Forward.—CHARLES OSCAR MASON	
CHURCH DOOR PULPIT.	
Six Years' Course: Religion of Persia.—REV. J. C. LEARNED	142
THE STUDY TABLE	143
NOTES FROM THE FIELD	144
THE HOME	144
THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL	135
PUBLISHER'S NOTES	146
ANNOUNCEMENTS	146

Ten weeks ten cents. UNITY will be sent ten weeks on trial to a new name for ten cents. Subscribers are invited to send lists of trial names. We offer liberal premiums for any number of trial subscriptions from one up; particulars sent on application.

DR. HIRSCH thinks a proper title of the act of the Illinois legislature providing for the extermination of the English sparrow, by paying two cents a head for every bird delivered at the city clerk's office, would be "An Act for the Encouragement of Cruelty Among Young Boys." He adds that "Most boys are cruel enough as they now are, without the artificial stimulus of this law."

DR. SIGURD IBSEN, son of the poet, is an active member of the radical political party in Norway, and leading the movement to secure a Norwegian minister of foreign affairs, such as Sweden enjoys on her own behalf, in the coming election. The movement meets with much opposition on the part of the Swedish government.

READERS of UNITY are familiar with the "ten best" method of reading and study, and will therefore be interested in a list of ten best authors for the family library compiled by a writer in the *Advance*. They are as follows: Shakspeare, who, however, is not counted; Emerson, Ruskin, Dickens, Kingsley, Scott, Hawthorne, Carlyle, Dante, Thackeray, George Eliot. Tennyson and Irving or Browning may be substituted for Scott and Hawthorne. The writer, conscious that he has left out many of the giants like Homer, Plato, and Milton, admits this is his "sentimental choice." Another gives a list of the ten best novels for a minister to read. Here they are for the benefit of our clerical brethren: Marius the Epicurean, Hypatia, Bulwer's Harold, Romola, Schoenburg-Cotta Family, Westward Ho, John Inglesant, Henry Esmond, Tale of Two Cities, Adam Bede.

IT is said that Richard Mansfield, the actor, has determined to do away with all advertising on his own behalf, except through the legitimate medium of the newspaper; and that he has reached this decision after careful business study of the question. Whether the change proves a wise one from a business point of view or not, it certainly will be a move, which we should like to see copied in other quarters, in the direction of good taste and therefore of good morals. The sensational, often indecent methods of theatrical advertising, have abused the public eye and conscience long enough.

HORATIO STEBBINS has a good New Year's word which we reprint: "Nothing new can be said about a New Year. It is the time to take account of the old, repent of our sins, carry mistakes to profit and loss, and transform their crude ore to golden wisdom. It brings little that is new beside itself, and we only exchange the irretrievable past for the hopeful future, the dead certainty for the living uncertainty. The conquests of intelligence have not perceptibly reduced the area of the unknown. The guides of life are not demonstrations, but opinions, judgments, probabilities and faith. The future event is as uncertain to-day as it ever was. The only certainty is principle; as new as to-day, and as old as the universe."

THE University Extension movement is very young, but it has, in the opinion of a writer in the last number of the journal published in its interests, developed a sham and real side. The movement is not meant by its best representatives to provide a "short cut" to education. To prevent the spread of such an impression great care must be used, first in the selection of instructors, distinguished for "thoroughness of method and worth in achievement," and with the teacher's own gift of inspiration added; second, by a systematic enrollment of pupils, and classification of the more thoughtful and earnest; third, encouragement in the pursuit of severer studies; and fourth, in careful discrimination in the giving of certificates, which should be "absolutely truthful" in their statements of the pupils' progress, an incentive to further work rather than a reward for that already done.

THE Evangelical Ministerial Association, of Minneapolis, seem greatly exercised over the action of the Roman Catholic priests at Faribault and at Stillwater, Minn., in turning over their parochial schools to the directors of the public schools. It has issued a manifesto protesting against it. This seems to us like an alarm lest winter should be advancing in April. It is the beginning of a better and not of a worse day. We should not take these representatives of the Catholic church at their worst. We should believe them when they say that they desire to Americanize their children, and to leave in the hands of the public school administration so much of their education as pertains to these interests. At the same time, we see no reason why they should not be true to their convictions, and give out of public school hours, such instruction in religion to their children, as Protestant ministers and Protestant parents might well be more solicitous about securing for their children.

ONE of our liberal exchanges, the *Gospel Banner*, commends the phrase "revised rationalism," since "a rationalism that is worth anything will be open to constant revision as new facts appear and new experiences teach their lessons." Conservatism, too, we are told may be logically subject to revision. The only phase of thought that can not, is "Bourbonism," which in order to fulfill its thankless task of serving as a warning and rebuke must cling to all the errors and weaknesses which make it what it is.

IT now appears that the error into which UNITY was led with other papers, respecting the words used by Dr. Lyman Abbott, at the Boston Unitarian club on the question of the divinity of Jesus Christ, was due to a typographical blunder in which the printer added the word, *not*, to the reverend speaker's definition of his view. Dr. Abbott, like our own Dr. Thomas, proclaims his belief in the divinity of the Man of Nazareth. Their explanation of the way in which they hold to this belief is not very clear, but their mental integrity remains unquestioned.

THE late withdrawal of Rev. James F. Spalding from the Episcopal communion to the Roman, was because of his discontent with the growing rationalistic tendencies in the church of Phillips Brooks and Heber Newton. The editor of the *Unitarian Review*, commenting on this, explains this tendency by saying that the bishops and clergy of that denomination are "men first and churchmen afterward." He also points out signs of internal unrest in the Roman Catholic church, arising less from doctrinal disputes than that aggressive spirit of rule in temporal affairs, which not only the Protestant world has learned to look on with just dread, but which is becoming the cause of differing belief and policy among the Catholics themselves.

IN an essay on Lowell in the December number of the *Unitarian Review*, Mr. Chadwick compares the nature-loving side of the two poets, Lowell and Bryant. The latter was soothed, quieted, solemnized and often saddened by the sight of natural scenes, the former comforted and cheered. Lowell's feeling for nature is described as "essentially Greek, pagan, pantheistic; while Bryant's is habitually Norse, deistic." Speaking of Lowell's faith in the philosophy of his own day, as evinced in such poems as "The Cathedral," he makes exception of "Credidimus Jovem Regnare," but mistakenly, we feel, taking that amiable satire against the teachings of evolution too seriously. Evolution is still on trial, and has its best conclusions in respect to its higher application to morals and religion yet to prove and make clearer statement of. This must be admitted by the most faithful disciple of Spencer, at least so it seems to the present writer; and when we remember how strong and pervading was Lowell's sense of humor—Mr. Chadwick calls this "his best intellectual gift,"—we can better afford to laugh with the poet over certain weak points in the modern way of thinking, than take him too earnestly to task for pointing them out. Mr. Chadwick's essay is most interesting reading all through.

OUR readers, many of them, will be glad to read in our announcement column of Mr. Edward Emerson's projected visit into the West, and we hope that many of our Unity Clubs and other organizations will take steps to secure his services. As a lecturer he represents the platform in its better and too much neglected phases, that of an attempt to teach a love of the beautiful and an appreciation of the best. He writes us that, in addition to the lectures which he gave last year on "Henry Thoreau" and a "Revolutionary Chaplain," he has prepared a lecture on "The Life of a Soldier," with an illustration from the last war in the United States.

THE *Boston Budget* places the Harvard Annex first among the higher institutions of learning for women, not to decry others, but in praise of the peculiar sources of inspiration that belong in the nature of things to a large university, and which all classes of pupils must profit by, whether on terms of equal recognition with the governing authorities or not. The Annex principle is not one that in itself commands much respect, either for its logic or practical wisdom, yet the advantages flowing from it are none the less real and desirable. We should hesitate to recommend the Annex above such well-known and honorable institutions as Vassar and Wellesley, but the simple fact that a young woman, passing through the required course of study at the former, wins a certificate instead of the regular diploma, is in a sense, no concern of hers. The weakness and injustice of such an arrangement fall elsewhere. She has attained the substance for which the show of a bit of lettered sheepskin stands, and may profit by the advantages such a peculiar arrangement offers, without incurring responsibility for it.

THE Boston *Home Journal* tells the following about Louisa Alcott's father and mother. As a young man, Mr. Alcott, so the story goes, was amanuensis or secretary to Mrs. Alcott's father. The young people met often, and naturally fell in love with each other. Mr. Alcott's social position and prospects being somewhat uncertain at that time, he did not feel justified in asking this well-born and talented young woman to marry him. He finally gave up his position, and they parted with no confession on either side. It was agreed, however, that each should keep a journal, and these journals should be exchanged once in so often. Thus matters went

on for some time; he, unwilling to ask so much and offer so little; she, willing to give all, and chafing under a woman's necessity of keeping silent. At length, one day, while reading the journal he had sent her, she came across a few sentences in which he hinted at his love and unhappiness, and wondered what she would say if he should ever presume to ask her hand in marriage. The moment was a critical one, but Mrs. Alcott was equal to it. Seizing a pen, quickly and clearly she wrote underneath: "Supposing you ask her and find out!" It is said the journal is still preserved to the Alcott family.

THE organizers of the Salvation Army did not choose their name by accident, or without a purpose. They propose now to bear testimony to its meaning more carefully in their funeral ceremonies. A general order has been issued, directing that such ceremonies be conducted with as little public display as possible, with no hearse, mourning carriages, or other trappings of woe. The coffin will be borne to the grave by the hands of friends in a walking procession, and the services at the grave will close with three volleys of musketry; "God bless and comfort the bereaved," "God help those who are left, to be faithful until death," "God bless the Salvation Army."

ONE of our editorial contributors calls our attention to the following item in the *Woman's Journal*: "Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, at the National W. C. T. U. convention, told of seeing a group of Chinese ladies, to whom some one had given a magazine containing an American fashion plate. They were examining it with great interest, with their elaborately-decorated heads all bent over the picture together. At length one of them straightened up and said to Mrs. Leavitt: 'China woman pinch foot. You say China woman velly bad. Melican woman not pinch foot; Melican woman pinch *here*,' laying her hands on her waist. 'Life here; life not in foot. Melican woman velly much more bad than China woman!' Mrs. Leavitt said a 'Heavenly Foot Society' had been formed in China, of young men pledged not to marry any woman whose feet were smaller than heaven meant them to be. She wished a 'Heavenly Waist Society' might be formed in this country, of young men pledged not to marry any girl whose waist was smaller than heaven meant it to be."

1492-1892.

The above caption is destined to be used with great frequency during the coming year. It will be the mystic symbol of the Columbian Exposition. It will inspire the poet, historian and philosopher to attempt many generalizations. The last four hundred years have transferred the center of the world of thought and culture from Asia to Europe. The five hundred years or so preceding the Christian era witnessed the phenomenal development and perfection in the last of the great thought systems and culture forces, culminating in a Buddha, Confucius, Socrates and finally Jesus. The last four, have been the centuries of the West. Those which gave to the world Shakspeare and Goethe, Emerson and Darwin, with the brilliant galaxy of lesser stars that gather around these names. During these four hundred years, slavery has become an acknowledged barbarism, monarchy is scarcely more than a tolerated trinket, and democracy and popular education have become at least the ideals of the world, however far short they may fall of realization. These four hundred years have not been the cathedral building centuries, but they have been the missionary centuries of Christianity, Mohammedanism and Buddhism. But the greatest contribution to the religion of the last four hundred years has not been chiefly the missionary schemes, noble as they have been. Its perachers have been, perhaps, more presistent, self-denying and devout than any known in the previous history of the world; but the thought of God and the reverence for man, a devotion to truth and the aspirations of love have been fostered more by the indirect missionaries of the printing-press, the steamship, telegraph and railway than by any of the direct methods which are technically called "religious." These centuries have been the centuries of the exploration of mind as well as of continents, the discovery of new truths as much as the discovery of New America. The triumphs of Darwin merit a place in the celebration that is to honor the triumphs of Columbus.

UNITY, at this threshold of 1892, anticipates with joy and with earnestness the quickening of mind, the warming of hearts that is to come during these months of quadrj-centennial celebration. Let our readers begin early to discover in all this, the intellectual and ethical deposits. He will not be prepared to enjoy the material exhibit who does not see underneath it all and over it all a splendid cosmopolitanism and a divine fraternity blending into religious harmony the various thoughts and aspirations of the world. So we bid our readers greeting at the threshold of a most significant year. We ask them to join with us in fostering those ideas that will put meaning into the various triumphs that are to be celebrated. Above all, let us look for those unities that disclose Darwinism in religion, evolution in morals, and cosmopolitanism in worship. Then our hymns as well as our songs will celebrate the advent of that "parliament of the world," the "federation of man" that is beginning to be. All years are great years, but this year offers an opportunity, even for the untrained mind, to study its greatness.

So, with the head, as well as with the heart, we bid our readers a happy, happy New Year!!

One More.

It is our sad duty to speak again of the death of a valiant standard-bearer and loyal minister of freedom and progress. When Oscar McCulloch, of Indianapolis laid down his arms, one of the most valuable and prominent citizens in that state was mustered out of service. He was foremost in all the humanities. His church has been the "House of Life" in that great state. It was the forerunner, we trust, of many more churches to be. It was a Seven-day Church, a People's College, an open cathedral for the rational seeker after help, spiritually or physically. It was a dispensing house of help to spirit, mind and body. We tender our cordial sympathies to the brave and loving companions of Mr. McCulloch, who under his leadership have accomplished so much. It would seem that his place is not to be filled by any other man; but if not by one it will be by many men, and the Plymouth Church of Indianapolis, as it grew under the hands of Mr. McCulloch, is to be multiplied in many places. He fought a brave fight and "died all too soon" men say; but not so soon but that he had accomplished a magnificent work, worthy the rounded "four-score years." This he accomplished in forty-eight years, thus adding a splendid momentum to the other efficiencies of his work. But we will not think of time; the forces this brother represented are not to be expressed in terms of the transient. Neither do we think it just to his memory to emphasize the things he accomplished, to the exclusion of the more excellent things he thought, felt, and planned. He reached his good deeds by the way of high dreams and bold thinking. He of all men would say, with Browning,

"What I aspired to be
And was not, comforts me."

A Handful of Sayings From Mr. Maxson.

At the last meeting of the Western Conference one of our contributors gathered up many of the bright and pregnant sayings of the speakers and essayists in preparation for the first page of "Nuggets" in UNITY in its Conference number. Several of these were left over, and among them the following, and we feel that we can not do better in the closing number of the old year than give our readers the benefit of them. They serve to point our loss anew and show what a happy gift of terse, living expression our friend possessed.—ED.

What has been most conspicuous in our new thought is that we are breaking down the old barriers between nature and human nature. The truest nature is human nature. We find God manifesting himself in the tree and its growth, again in the bird and its motion, more fully still, in the human intelligence that studies the tree and the bird; but most fully in the human nature that sacrifices itself for its fellows.

Nationalism is a form of socialism; but it does not follow that a socialist is also a nationalist.

People read Bellamy's book and were fascinated, not so much by the plan it set forth as by the picture of human fraternity,—the glimpse of a future wherein we might learn how to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.

There is an individualism which is only another name for selfishness.

Some believe that in serving our own interests we best serve the interests of others. This is one form of individualism but not the kind we wish to present. Let me *like* to do to others as I would have others do to me. Let me *like* to bear another's burden and so fulfill the law of Christ. We may call these two the fraternal, and the unfraternal individualism, as there is also the fraternal and the unfraternal socialism. I plead for the kind that says, "Though no government coerce me, though no king command me, yet will I consecrate myself to the service of my fellows."

Individualism does not mean that a man shall go off and "flock by himself." It is not incompatible with fraternalism.

The possibilities of human perfection are infinite.

We are not quietly to lie around and allow the trend of things to bring about the millennium. It is the activity of human nature that will bring it, if it ever comes.

We have not yet got our growth. We have not learned how to live. What conditions will be most helpful in learning how to live? To find this out is the object of socialism.

ALWAYS there will be angry protests against any man holding in any way, even the highest and most unselfish, wealth which the man who protests has failed to reach; but it is not this—it is not wealth simply in itself—it is the pride of wealth, the indifference of wealth, the cruelty of wealth, the vulgarity of wealth, in one great word the selfishness of wealth, which really makes the poor man's heart ache, and the poor man's blood boil, and constitutes the danger of a community where poor men and rich men live side by side. Let riches "know how to abound" and poverty will not lose its self-respect, and so will not struggle after the self-respect which it feels that it is losing, with frantic and tumultuous struggles.—*Bishop Brooks.*

Men and Things.

THE January number of *The Atlantic Monthly* will contain an article on James Russell Lowell, by Mr. Henry James.

REV. JAMES DE NORMANDIE has been giving a series of illustrated lectures on Athens in Putnam Chapel, Roxbury, which are highly commended by the secular press.

MME. MEISSONIER will probably offer the artist's studio and its contents to the state. The value of $400,000 is placed upon the gift, which includes some nearly finished pictures, as well as studies and sketches.

A LARGE number of Russian girls are taught sewing at the Jewish Industrial School in Washington, and evince great promise and quickness to learn. There are more pupils of this nationality in these classes, we believe, than of any other.

ACCORDING to Sir Edwin Arnold there is no imperative mode in the Japanese language, no form of oath, no form of abuse. The worst name you can call a man is "fellow," and when you wish to express great indignation you shout "There! There!" An exchange thinks it must be very uncomfortable to get mad over there.

COL. E. D. BAKER, who fell early in the struggle for the Union while leading a desperate charge at Ball's Bluff, sleeps in a neglected and almost unmarked grave in Lone Mountain Cemetery, San Francico. It is now proposed to remove the remains to Golden Gate Park and erect a suitable monument.

THE Rev. Anna Shaw was asked to speak at the temperance convention in Boston on the question of opening the World's Fair on Sunday. The little lady has a mind of her own, and promptly replied: "You had better not call on me, for I don't believe in playing into the devil's hand by making Sunday a dull day. I am in favor of opening the Fair on the people's chief holiday."

AMONG those in London who have given themselves earnestly to work among the poorer classes in London is the Earl of Beauchamp, who has decided to take up his residence among the East End poor for the purpose of directing mission work among them. The Earl is secretary of the Christ Church Mission at Poplar, one of the suburban districts.

THE residents of Georgia are said to show much alarm, in the discussion of the question of universal suffrage, over the disastrous results likely to follow the admission of the ignorant and sometimes vicious colored women to the polls. Yet the *Woman's Tribune* points out that the last report of the State penitentiary showed that of 1,763 convicts, only sixty-four were women.

THE Bishop of Ripon, it is related in the *Living Church*, tells a good story of a small young curate who rebuked a lady, conspicuous for her good deeds among the poor and outcast, with the words: "You're a good woman, but why don't you do some really religious work, such as embroidering an altar cloth?"

WE are told that Mr. Spurgeon was lately visited by an insane man who said: "I am sent by Almighty God to do your bidding; your slightest wish I will obey"; and he informed us he said to the man: "I was wishing you would go away just now," and the man had sense enough to act in harmony with his profession and go.

YOUNG women are not allowed to graduate from German Universities, but permission to attend certain courses of lectures has been given them at various times. A few weeks ago word was sent to Miss Gentry, an American girl, that she might listen to the lectures on mathematics at the University of Berlin this winter. She has been annoyed somewhat by the students, however, and may not remain long.

AN interesting incident of the Whittier anniversary was the presentation, by Mrs. J. M. Nichols, of Haverhill, Mass., to the poet of a copy of "Mogg Megone," which Mr. Whittier had given her mother, Eliza Brooks, in 1836, the year of its publication. It is a little book, about the size of an envelope—quite a contrast to the style of publication now in vogue. Young Whittier and Miss Brooks belonged to a young people's club, each member of which had resolved not to marry. Miss Brooks was the first of the club to break the resolution, Whittier the only one who kept the vow intact.

IN his address to a candidate for ordination the other day, Bishop Brooks thus described the spirit that should animate the minister: "The true mother loves her son and loves the truth; as a result the child is educated in the right manner. The disciples loved Christ and they loved the men around them; consequently their work among them was crowned a success. If you would teach a man a duty or a truth which he should know, you must have this double love. To comfort a man in grief you must have one hand on the strong rock of absolute truth and the other on the trembling, afflicted soul. Kindness without truth is not kind; truth without kindness is not truth."

Contributed and Selected.

Transition.

H. D. M.

Dead he lay at morning light—
  Who had walked beneath the stars,
Seen Orion, sighted Mars,
  And rejoiced in the fair night.

Fled without a warning word,
  Fled without a boding sigh,
He had peered into the sky
  With such longing that it stirred

The great pitying Heart above,
  Who had answered with a kiss;
And so keen the moment's bliss,
  Life was lost in boundless love.

Wandered he with Death away
  To the strange familiar land;
Native seemed the air so bland,
  Not too dazzling God's new day.

Gentle spirit! soul sublime!
  Not as stranger went ye in,
Freed from selfishness and sin,
Knowing heaven before thy time.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

An Unhappy Man's New Year's Eve.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN-PAUL RICHTER.

An aged man stood on New Year's eve at the window, and gazed, with a look of dreadful despair, up at the motionless, ever-glittering heaven, and out on the silent earth, white and pure, whereon never yet was mortal so joyless and sleepless as himself. For he was nearing his grave; it was covered only by the snows of age, not with the green of youth, and from a long rich life he had brought nothing but errors, sins and infirmities, a wasted body and a desolate mind, a poisoned heart and a remorseful old age. The golden days of his youth now returned as specters, and dragged him back to that bright morning, when his father had first placed him at the cross-roads of life; the one to the right, leading on virtue's sunny way, to a broad and peaceful country, bright and fruitful,—the one to the left, conducting downward, by the crooked paths of vice, to a dark cavern, dripping with poison and full of hissing serpents and dense suffocating vapors.

Alas! the serpents encircled his form, the poison-drops were on his tongue, and he now realized where he was.

Beside himself with unutterable grief, he cried aloud to heaven: "Give me youth again, O my Father! Place me again at the parting-roads, that I may choose the better way!"

But his father and his youth were long since gone. He saw wandering lights flit over the moors and disappear in the churchyard, and he said: "These are the days of my folly!" He saw a star fall from heaven, gleaming in its flight, and dissolve on the ground: "That is I," said his bleeding heart, and the serpent-teeth of remorse struck deeper into his wounds.

To his burning imagination there appeared flitting night-spirits on the roofs, the windmills threateningly raised their arms as if to strike, and a form that remained in the charnel-house gradually assumed his own features. . . . In the midst of the commotion there suddenly floated downward from the tower the sound of New Year's bells, like distant anthems. He became more tranquil. He gazed around the horizon, and over the wide, wide earth, and thought of his early companions who now, better and happier than himself, were honored men, the people's teachers, and fathers of happy children; and he cried: "O, I could, like you, have slumbered this first night with tearless eyes if I had so willed! Ah, I could have been happy, dear parents, if I had obeyed your teachings!"

During these feverish recollections of the days of his youth, he fancied that the form in the charnel-house rose up; at length it seemed to change to a living youth.

He could not endure the sight; he covered his eyes; his scalding tears flowed to the ground; disconsolate and distracted, he sobbed aloud: "Return again, O youth, return!"

And it *did* return; for this had been but a frightful dream. He was still a youth; his errors alone had been no dream. Then he thanked God that, still young, he could turn about in the dismal paths of vice, and enter the sunlighted way that leads to the harvest-land.

Turn back with him, O Youth, if thou art straying into his false tracks! His fearful dream may hereafter be to thee a dread reality; but when, in anguish, thou then shalt call: "Come back, fair youth!" it will never come.

HERBERT E. JENNESS.

Brookline, Mass.

"To a Crank." *

DEAR ———: I think it troubles or perplexes you, to have some people chaff you as a "crank," and I know a little how. *Don't let it*, nor let it hinder you or swerve you. There is no truth in that sort of charge,—it is only what they have called all the prophets (*vide* Gospels, *sæpe*)—and you are a prophet because you believe in ideals. "They" don't, and don't want to, and that is why they ridicule those who do. But the world needs prophets so!

Especially, don't think it *weakens your influence*. Sometimes it may seem so, but it does not. To be vague, or hasty, does of course—but simply to be extreme does n't, if one is also wise and clear. No real influence is gained by concessions to what one does not believe or does not approve. *Your* influence is very great,—more so than you could, or at any rate would let yourself estimate, I dare say. And merely by your clearness of conviction and courage,—by the knowledge that you care above all things for what is right and true, and will have this and nothing less or else,—you do a very great deal of good all about you. All the more because, God having given you the graces too, you don't undervalue them, but show that beauty and gladness and goodness are not incompatible with each other.

All this is very preachy, I fear, and it won't go on the paper as it lies in my mind. Perhaps you don't need it—but I have thought I could see a shade of pain in your face when you refer to such chaff, and you ought not to suffer it.

Perhaps I want to *bolster* you, too, because I am conscious of being so much less consistent than you are. Not that I have cared for the chaff much—I have in my time borne a good deal of it—but my streak of conservatism and of worldliness has betrayed me *from inside*. I began on a high plane! Total Abstinence, Woman's Rights and every other *ism*—I hope the lapse has not been a moral declension. It has not been quite dishonest, but the swing of character from one side to the other, as its own tendencies urge it. In you, I can scarcely see any of this doubleness, and that adds so much to your force.

If this sounds *patronizing*, forgive it, it is not so in spirit. I only want to strengthen your hands, and if it ever does worry you to meet that light sort of opposition, to counteract it a little.

Truly yours,

———.

I DO not think that there is any specific, any great cure-all for our industrial and social ills. We are what we are by reason of the generations that have gone before us. A chain is never stronger than its weakest link.

*The above is sent to us by a member of the editorial staff, with the words, "It may help some one else be brave."—ED.

Future Existence.

In the total absence of evidence, we have no right, either to affirm or deny the existence of a future life in a world beyond this, though we have a right to deny unworthy conceptions of such a world and life. This life may be only the germ period beneath the ground, while all the real growth and beauty and fruitage of life, for which our present existence is only preparation, may be reserved for the brightness and freedom of the world above. Our physical being began in a dark, narrow world circumscribed by walls through which our eyes could not perceive the beautiful future world awaiting us. Our mental consciousness does not begin until we reach the present stage of life. Is it any more wonderful that our individual consciousness should at death emerge into a brighter world beyond this, than that our present bodies should have developed from a pre-existing germinal period? For aught we can now tell, all our dear ones who have gone before, may now be awaiting us in a brighter and better world than this. And how do we know but that a guilty secret carried with us into that other world, may be a barrier between us and our loved ones there, making it impossible for us to share communion with their pure and blessed lives, without the bitter consciousness that we are debased and unworthy in their presence, and that in this refined hell of exquisite torture, this banishment of spirit in another world, we may reap the supreme sorrow which is the harvest of our vain sowing here.

Such is the only rational idea of future punishment I can conceive of —*and who can say it might not be?*

M. F. H.

Sept. 25, 1891.

Backward or Forward.

The world's not growing worse,
  But better, every day;
No God's malignant curse
  Doth blast and blight for aye;
Nor demon dark hath power
  Love's purposes to stay.
Look! note ye not this hour
  Yon eastern star's swift ray?
Away with groans and sighs and tears!
The clouds drift back, Millennium nears!
Men wiser grow as fly the years!

Battles there are to fight,
  But right the day shall win;
Darkness shall yield to light,
  Truth shall yet conquer sin.
Cold water take the place of wine,
Men cease to bow at Mammon's shrine,
Learn, love, and keep, the law divine.
But—years are passing! Fall in line!
Grieve not o'er time no longer thine,
The present, each can say, is mine.
By this word be the year begun:
Forgetting things of 'ninety-one,
And reaching forward, more and more,
Nor right nor left, but straight before,
In all our hands find now to do,
Make record bright for 'ninety-two.

CHARLES OSCAR MASON.

Glen Falls, N. Y.

ORGANIZED charity may seem colder than is private dispensation of benevolence. But in truth it is much warmer, far more effective. The poor who are not paupers must have a sanctuary to which they may go to unbosom themselves; that sanctuary is the relief office. Not every one has the right to intrude into the misery of these worthy applicants. Men whose character is guarantee that in their hands the trust is well confided and who are by honor bound to secrecy, have alone the prerogative to catch the glimpse of the nakedness of the helpless brother.—*Emil G. Hirsch.*

PATIENCE strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride; she bridles the tongue, refrains the hand, and tramples temptations.—*Horn.*

There is nothing that may not happen to a thin baby.

There is nothing that may not happen to a man who is losing his healthy weight.

We say they are "poor." They are poorer than we at first suspect.

Do you want almost all that is known of the value of plumpness told in a way to commend to you CAREFUL LIVING—and Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil if you need it.

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The circle of poems on Jesus elaborate a splendid simile, with cumulative and impressive power. The poems of love are of a most striking quality. They are as pure as Dante's "Vita Nuova," but are not so remote as that from natural human tenderness. . . . We recommend the volume as a whole to all who wish to see a novel landscape and to breathe a fresh, invigorating air.—*John W. Chadwick in the Index.*

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Mr. Blake is predominantly a moralist of a true and pure strain, but a poet as well, and his moralizing on life is neither trite nor dry; it is such as to strengthen a deep and sober confidence in the Eternal Righteousness.—*Literary World.*

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VI. The Religion of Persia.

By Rev. John C. Learned.

"Thus saith Cyrus, King of Persia, The Lord God of heaven hath given me all the kingdoms of the earth: and he hath charged me to build him an house at Jerusalem."—*Ezra i: 2.*

All have heard of the philanthropies of George Peabody, the American banker in London. His gifts amounted to nearly $4,000,000. Up to his time, but one man in the world was known to have given so much to charity from his private fortune. This man was a Parsee, who lived in Bombay. He was made a Knight by Queen Victoria in 1842, and died in 1859. His name was Sir Jamshedi Jijibhai; and his gifts, public and private, to found schools, homes and hospitals for the poor, without distinction of faith; to build roads, bridges and water-works for the people, amounted to between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000. Contributions to charitable objects in Great Britain and France have been received from the Parsees of India; and when our own Sanitary Commission appealed for funds in the late war, they were among the contributors.

But who are the Parsees? They are the followers of Zoroaster (or *Zorathustra*); the survivors of a great religion, as their scriptures, the *Zend Avesta*, are the remains of a great literature.

At present, the adherents of this religion number less than 100,000 people, of whom nearly one-half live in the city of Bombay. They are a thrifty, intelligent, interesting and influential element in British India, probably the most sensible and progressive of the oriental peoples. Their neat and temperate habits are promotive of health and long life. They are monogamists, and their wives are well treated, and appear unveiled. Their industry, economy and pride make a beggar unknown among them; while as merchants, engineers and teachers their reputation is very wide.

They are called fire-worshipers; but in reality they are what they claim to be, God-worshipers,—worshipers according to the revelation of Zoroaster.

It is hard to tell much about Zoroaster, for we can not be certain as to the time in which he lived. The name means "old camel-keeper," which may take us back to a life of desert wanderings. But he seems to have been a great prophet and saint of the Persian people; and at some far-off period, when the Hindus and Persians began to separate into two nations, Zoroaster appeared. Then the Indian went on with his nature-worship, beholding little more than the clash of physical powers in the conflict of the elements; but the new prophet saw in them the symbols of a moral struggle in the soul of man. Zoroaster, right away invested the heavenly powers, and all the forces and elements of earth, fire, water and air, with purposes of good or evil. In short, he endowed nature with *free will*, and made man responsible to invisible spirits about him for his every thought, word and act.

Many traditions have gathered about the name of Zoroaster. Some make him to have lived thousands of years before Homer or Moses. But recent authorities place him somewhere between 1500 B. C. and 500 B. C. Some think that the name is mythical, or, like that of Homer, stands for more than one person,—for an order of separate teachers or priests. This shows how obscure his personality is. Yet there are points in the traditions which suggest the story of Jesus. While in the very oldest scriptures (the *Gathras*) he is represented simply as a man in earnest, full of trust in God for the conquest of truth against evil spirits; later, miracles cluster about him, until by the Magi he becomes deified. Among the incidents related of him, we are told his mother was attacked and torn by wild beasts, but a beautiful youth coming forth from a mountain with the Word and the Branch rescued both, and said to the mother: "Fear not! thy son shall be the prophet of the just God." Contrary to the common way, he laughed at the instant of his birth, and Pliny says that his brain pulsated so strongly as to repel the hand laid upon it—a presage of his future wisdom. Streams increase, trees grow, and all nature shouts at his coming. The brutes join to save him from wicked Kings. In one instance he is, like Mohammed, transported to heaven to be instructed of God; while in another, he reads divine revelation in the changing figures of the sacrificial flame. He leaves his native land, goes into the mountains to prepare for his mission, lives seven years in a grotto amidst mystic emblems devoted to Mithra—the type of the future cave of Mithraic spirits,—fasts in the desert, is tempted by a personal devil, walks on the sea, performs wonderful cures, and overrules the elements. He is thirty years old when he begins to preach. He withdraws to a burning mountain thirty years, from which though consumed, he escapes unharmed, exhorting men to a faith in righteousness. Clement, of Alexandria, interprets Plato as saying in the *Republic*, that after Zoroaster had been dead twelve days, lying on a funeral pile, he rose to life again. And there is no phraseology in the Jewish or Christain Scriptures which describes the office of Messiah and Saviour which is not applied to him.

I. What did Zoroaster teach? It has been said that he was less a revealer of new truth, than in his life a power against evil spirits. In other words his great revelation was his life; or his counsel and encouragement to men to resist the influences of evil. Yet this is connected with certain doctrines out of eternity, out of the womb of "limitless time." (*Zeruan Akarana*), are born twin beings or powers, *Ormuzd* and *Ahriman*. This "ancient of days," or "time without bounds" suggests the Kronos of the Greeks, in some of his aspects; and in others, seems like the impersonal Fate, which even Zeus was compelled to respect.

By degrees the supreme attributes of Zeruan appear connected with Ormuzd (or *Ahura-Masda*). He is called the creator, the all-knower, the revealer of truth, and the father of rectitude. He is called "I am;" and the inscription which King Darius wrote five centuries before Christ, was: "Ormuzd is a great God; he made the earth and the heavens, and he created man." Ormuzd is the all bountiful, who always was, always is, and always will be. He is "law, order, and truth," in the ethical world. He is the author of everything good, joy-giving and beautiful, of earth, water, trees and all useful creations. Himself the father of truth and master of purity, from him come "the good mind," spiritual gifts and everlasting happiness.

Over against him, in constant enmity, is the wicked Ahriman. Whenever Ormuzd creates some good thing, Ahriman creates an evil thing to offset or destroy it. He is the great adversary, the embodiment of negation, the spirit that denies. As Ormuzd is light, beauty, health, fruitfulness, goodness, so Ahriman is darkness, deformity, disease, barrenness, wickedness. When Ormuzd calls into being six good and immortal spirits or *Amshaspands* (at first, personifications of the virtues, says Darmesteter) to preside over all the kingdoms of the world (Heaven, Fire, Metals, Earth, Vegetation, Water,) then Ahriman created as many evil spirits to oppose and baffle these. When Ormuzd gave to each man his guardian angel to watch over and protect him, then Ahriman filled the air with evil demons ready every where to beset and do him harm.

There are times when Mithra, who represents the sun, is exalted almost to an equal with Ormuzd, or identified with him—so many attributes of that kindly luminary illustrate the character of the Supreme Being. Hence, upon the tombs of the later kings the emblems of both are found side by side. The Zend-Avesta calls them, "the *two great*, imperishable and pure."

II. Man was the creature of Ormuzd, the good being, and so was morally bound to implicit obedience to his maker. He was equally bound to co-operate with Ormuzd in thwarting and defeating the spirits of Ahriman. Yet he was endowed with a free will. If he chose to give himself up to the wiles and service of the Evil One he could do so, and must suffer the consequences of his weakness. "His duties might be summed up under the four heads of piety, purity, industry and veracity." (Rawlinson.) He was to honor Ormuzd as the one true God, reverencing the archangels (or *Amshaspands*) by the frequent offering of prayers, praises and hymns, with occasional sacrifices of animals (sometimes a horse) and a rite of communion in which the worshipers tasted of the sacred wine of the Homa plant.

In the second place, as the condition of all acceptable worship or of a triumphant life, he was to "think purely, speak purely and act purely." "What is 'well thought'?" asks the *19th Yasna*. "The righteous, original Mind. What is 'well-spoken'? The munificent Word. What is 'well-done'? (That done) by the praising creatures, first in righteousness." In other words, "to think, speak and act purely," is to think, speak and act as the highest and holiest being would do. The precept urging the pure thought, the pure word, and the pure deed, is as common and essential to the Persian faith as the Golden Rule to the Christian. "Inquire of me with a right mind (says the *Vendidad*)—of me, the Creator who is ready to answer: so shall it be well with thee, and thou shalt attain to purity." The body is to be kept pure as well as the mind; therefore the disciple of Zoroaster had many and minute rites for the maintenance of personal cleanliness. All diseases and death required special treatment, which led in the after times to the belief that the bodies of those dead should neither be buried nor cremated, thus corrupting and profaning the earth and fire. Hence, as may now be seen on the beautiful Malabar Hill in the city of Bombay, rose the "Towers of Silence," upon which the bodies of all those who die are lifted, where in a very short time they are devoured by vultures, all but the bones, which fall through the grating into the pit below. Here now for some centuries, all that remains of the dust of rich and poor Parsees, is mingled together.

To the ancient Persian, industry was not a curse, not the result of a fall, as with the Hebrew—but a blessing. The hands were to help fulfill the prayer for the service of God and the redemption of man. "To cultivate the soil was a religious duty." To plant seeds and fruits where Ahriman would have put thorns and weeds, or cursed the ground with barrenness, was helping Ormuzd, and "furthering the works of life." Thus, the paradise of the Persian was not a garden of idleness, but full of happy men and beasts of burden, cattle and harvests, men busy creating and sharing the rich abundance of the earth, a realm without wrangling or poverty. Rather had the curse come since men ceased to work, or bear their share in the arts of tillage, suffering great tracts to become waste or the haunts of poisonous plants and noxious creatures, subject to Ahriman. Said King Cyrus to Lysander at Sardis: "I never taste food till on my brow is the sweat of toil."

Yet of all virtues the greatest stress was laid upon veracity. This is very noteworthy in this great nation, and especially so far back in antiquity. The Greeks said that the Persians taught their children the virtues as other nations taught theirs the alphabet. Xenophon writes that every Persian youth was carefully instructed in three things, "to ride a horse, to draw the bow, and to speak the truth." Now this last was a virtue that the Greek never learned. Indeed, to speak the truth is the last and highest achievement of civilization. The heinousness of falsehood, its power of undermining all other virtues, of dissolving all social bonds, and ultimately of overthrowing civilization itself, is apparently understood by a small proportion only of the Christian populations of our own time. You may find men distinguished for other qualities—for forbearance, kindness, temperance, courage, perseverance, public spirit, purity of life—yet they think it no sin to prevaricate, evade, conceal and falsify, in their business or even in their religion. So it is remarkable that the religion of Zoroaster made truth-telling so prominent as to have won the notice of the Greek world. The Persians' God, Ormuzd, was a "truth-teller," while Ahriman was "father of lies,"—that old deceiving serpent, afterwards transferred bodily, under the name of Satan, into the Hebrew faith. Hence "the most shameful thing in Persian eyes was lying." A *word* is very sacred to the Zoroastrian, not to be lightly spoken; for both good spirits and bad are ever listening to hear and judge it; Mithra is watching with ten thousand eyes and can not be deceived. "Break not thy promise, neither with a just man nor with an unbeliever." "The false word destroys many; the strength of liars, as well as their sight and their hearing and their power to walk, is soon taken away."

III. Dr. Haug says that "the belief in a life to come, is one of the chief dogmas of the Zend-Avesta;" and with it is associated the doctrine of the resurrection, which seems entirely original in the Persian religion. The belief in immortality is inseparable from the Parsee system of ethics, for in the future life lie the consequences, the rewards and punishments of this life. Zoroaster, like John the Baptist and Jesus, taught that the end of the world was near at hand; that the earth would then melt with fervent heat; that the resurrection and a great judgment would take place; and finally that the power of Ormuzd would triumph over Ahriman and his hosts.

According to the teachings of Zoroaster, when the soul shall have separated from the body at death, those who have been humble, obedient and pure will enter Paradise; while those who have believed the lies of Ahriman will enter the darkness prepared for the wicked. On the third day after death the soul advances upon "the way created by Ormuzd for good and bad," to be examined as to its conduct. On the bridge, Chinevat, hangs the balance, poised for all. The judge Mithra, or truth, is there, Rashnu, or eternal righteousness, and Srosh, or perfect obedience. If the

verdict is favorable, then the pure soul passes on to the "House of Hymns," or habitation of angels and blessed spirits. The sinful soul is seized, bound and led over the way of the godless and left in the gloom of hell,—the "House of Destruction," to suffer the torments of the wicked.

In the general resurrection, the last Saviour (*or Sociosh*) a descendant of Zoroaster, born of a virgin, will appear. At the sound of his voice, the dead will come forth in their order. The first ancestor (*Kaiomorts*) and the first human pair (*Meschia* and *Meschiane*) will rise, and then the whole family of mankind will follow." The genii of the elements [of earth, air, fire, water, plants, etc.] will render up the sacred materials intrusted to them, and rebuild the decomposed bodies. Each soul will recognize, and hasten to reoccupy, its old tenement of flesh, now renewed, improved, immortalized. Former acquaintances will then know each other. "They shall exclaim, 'Behold my father! my mother! my brother! my wife!' " (Alger's "Future Life.")

I have alluded several times to the Zend-Avesta where are remaining Scriptures of the Masdean faith. Except some allusions to them in ancient classical writers, little was known of them until the Frenchman, Anquetil Duperron, after years of study and research among the Parsees, brought back from India, 180 manuscripts containing translations of this literature. This was in 1764, and they were published in 1771. It was not however until the studies of Rask, Burnouf and Spiegel that the true nature and value of this collection became fully understood and appreciated.

The Avesta consists of three principal parts: the *Vendidad*, containing religious laws and tables; the *Vispered*, containing litanies for sacrifice, the *Yasna*, being litanies, and five ancient hymns, or *Gathras*. There are also some other fragments known as the *Khordah* (or little) *Avesta*, made up of private and public prayers, and some hymns called *Yashts*. Altogether there is little plan or sequence, and much repetition. As Darmesteter says: "There has been no other great belief in the world that ever left such poor and meagre monuments of its past splendor." Yet in size, it has been estimated to be as large as the Iliad and Odyssey, taken together. And it is the literature of a lost language, and of an empire whose domain once extended from the isles of Greece to the table-lands of Thibet; an empire which was the greatest terror that Greece ever knew, under Darius and Xerxes touching the waters of the Mediterranean, the Ægean, the Black, the Caspian, the Indian, the Persian and the Red Seas; while through its territory flowed the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Indus, the Jaxartes, the Oxus and the Nile—each more than one thousand miles in length.

The Zend-Avesta is said to have been written by order of Darius in golden letters on 12,000 cowskins and placed (521-485 B. C.) for safe-keeping in the palace at Persepolis: but when Alexander the Great conquered that city, this precious literature was given to the flames. This destruction of conquered towns, however, was the common fate; for we remember that when Xerxes overran Greece, Athens was made a heap of ruins; though the reason why the temples and statues of the gods were so ruthlessly destroyed has been ascribed to their religious convictions. The Persians worshiping, without temples, an invisible god whose only emblem was a winged circle, were offended at Grecian idolatry and could not endure the superstition which represented Deity in images of wood and ivory or stone.

Cyrus, who conquered Babylon in 538 B. C., was the founder of the Persian kingdom. It was King Cyrus of whom the Jews in the captivity of Babylon heard, rejoicing in the hope of his coming to set them free. This was the occasion of their applying to him those titles of Messiahship which we find in the book of Isaiah. He is "the anointed of the Lord," "the shepherd of the Lord," "the eagle called from the orient" for their deliverance.

Afterwards came Darius; and upon the overthrow of Babylon and the irruption of the Persians into the valley of the Euphrates, the exiles from Palestine were brought into contact with the faith of Zoroaster, as they had before been brought to a knowledge of the Assyrian and Chaldean worship. This conjunction of religions in Babylon is one of the most influential events of human history. Its consequences have reached us, and remain one of the most interesting themes of the scholar.

In speaking of the religions of Assyria and Chaldea, we saw how the story of the Deluge and other Genesis legends seem to have been taken by the Jewish scribes and adapted to the uses of the Hebrew people. But more important, and even essential to the texture of the later Jewish faith, were the doctrines derived from the conquering Parsee. There was more to learn from this religion. It bore more intimately upon life. It was an ethical religion and a spiritual faith; while the Assyrian was more barbarous and brutal. Add to this, that the Persian was prayed for and welcomed as a deliverer and redeemer by the exiles, and we have the first reasons for a favorable acceptance of his views. But above all, there was soon found a certain affinity in their ancient traditions, and where the Jew was weak (as on the side of idolatry) the Parsee was strong. His God was, "I am that I am," presentable by no image, and forever unseen. Then "the Persian was the very apostle of earnest, ethical endeavor." (Johnson.) The universe was filled with free personalities, fighting out the battle of right and wrong; and lastly, since life was too short, and this present world too narrow to settle this contest, another life and another world were created to witness the final judgment, where all the dead should live again, according to the deserts of character.

It may perhaps be safe to say, that by the help of the scribes, Israel brought home from Babylon more religion, and twice as much scripture as she carried with her from Jerusalem. Even the germs of Christianity were in that contact with the Persian worship. In the words of Samuel Johnson, "Accursed Babylon was the mother of Christianity."

Kuenen, in his *Religion of Israel*, while carefully crediting Judaism with all the originality it deserves, sees how, after the experience in Babylon, there was an awakened interest in sacred literature; how the songs of worship took a loftier flight; how the thought of Jehovah became more transcendent and high. With Tiele he recognizes the organization of small companies for worship, which in Palestine led to the multiplication of synagogues. Probably the feast of *Purim* was borrowed entire from the Persians. He sees also in the system of archangels, as where the prophet Zechariah speaks of "*the seven watchers* of Jehovah, which run to and fro through the whole earth," the Amshaspands of Zoroaster. So in the guardian angels of the book of Daniel, are marks of Persian belief; and Dr. Cheyne finds them in the Psalms. But more marked and more important in its consequences is the belief in *wicked* spirits, and pre-eminently in the one overmastering wicked one, Satan, who, though having a sort of poetic existence before the exile, now more and more takes on the nature of active evil and opposition and darkness, until he becomes to all intents and purposes a repetition of the Ahriman of the Parsees. Thus the demonology of the New Testament is but a development of belief with which the captive Jews were inoculated, under the conquest of Cyrus. So, also, the doctrine of the personal immortality, and the resurrection of the body, with all the conditions of a coming Saviour and the last judgment, were doubtless greatly shaped and colored, if not originated, by Persian influence. Mr. Stanley, in his *History of the Jewish Church*, says: "The captivity bore the greatest of Hebrew prophets, the chief of Hebrew scribes, the founder of Hebrew law, the fathers of Hebrew literature." It is in one of its prophets, Ezekiel, that we have a vivid picture of the way in which, in a valley of dry bones, the resurrection will take place. Matthew Arnold thought it was a passage to be read at every service of burial.

Speaking of the relation of this great religion of Iran to Judaism and Christianity, James Freeman Clarke wrote: "Such a picture as that by Retzsch, of the devil playing chess with the young man for his soul, such a picture as that by Guido, of the conflict between Michael and Satan, such poems as Milton's Paradise Lost and Goethe's Faust [and he should have added Dante's Divine Comedy] could perhaps never have appeared in Christendom, had it not been for the influence of the system of Zoroaster on Jewish, and through Jewish, on Christian thought. . . .

The Jews found also, in the Persian faith, the one among all religions most like their own, in this, that it had no idols and no worship but that addressed to the Unseen. Sun and fire were his symbols, but he, himself, was hidden behind the glorious veil of being. And it seems as if the Jews needed this support, of finding another nation also hating idolatry, before they could really rise above their tendency to backslide into it. 'In the mouth of two witnesses' the spiritual worship of God was established, and not till Zoroaster took the hand of Moses did the Jews cease to be idolaters. After the return from the captivity, that tendency wholly disappeared."

The Study Table.

Books here noticed promptly sent on receipt of price by W. W. Knowles & Co., Publishers and Booksellers, 204 Dearborn St., Chicago.

The Boy Travellers in Northern Europe. By Thomas W. Knox, author of "Boy Travellers in the Far East," etc., etc. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. 1892.

Mr. Knox's latest volume has the advantage over some of its predecessors in that it represents a larger proportionate amount of personal experience. He has seen most of the places which he here describes. The machinery of his book creaks not a little, and we sometimes find ourselves wondering whether a straightforward story, without any interlocutors, would not have been better for the author in the long run. A long run it has been through the fourteen volumes preceding this, and a long run it is in this volume—through Holland, Northern Germany, Denmark, Norway and Sweden. It is necessarily touch and go, the ground gone over is so extensive, and we miss many things that we should ourselves have put in; at Leyden, for example, a word about the Rev. John Robinson and the house where he lived for some years before and after the departure of a portion of his flock for the New England shore. The illustrations have been diligently collected, rather than specially prepared for this particular book, and consequently they vary through many degrees of excellence and imperfection. That of Paul Potter's famous Bull is bad enough to make him roar with righteous indignation, but what could be more charming than Mr. Frank D. Millet's "Lubeck Girl," or more forcible than Mr. Reinhart's "Von Moltke"?

The Story of Portugal. By H. Morse Stevens. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Another interesting volume is added to the series, "The Story of the Nations." Instead of being simply episodes in the history of the country, as most of the series have been, here is a short chronological history of Portugal. This is particularly desirable, as the English language has not previously had a reliable history of Portugal based upon contemporary documents.

That the author is reliable authority, is guaranteed by the fact of his having written upon the same subject for the Encyclopædia Britannica; his style is interesting, independent of the subject matter. Most clearly are the different stages of the country's growth presented.

The reader follows with interest the successive occupations of the country by the Celts, Iberians, Carthaginians, Romans, Goths and Moors before it attained the dignity of a nation. Its brilliant but brief career in discovery and maritime supremacy is graphically described, likewise the causes of its decline. The spirit of adventure led many of its enterprising people to India, and the industrious element sought homes in Brazil. Thus, in the midst of its prosperity it was being drained of its vitality, and upon the failure of the direct line of its royal family it was an easy prey to the false claim of Philip II., of Spain. Though after sixty years it regained its independence, its greatness had departed forever.

Harper's Young People, 1891. The general character of this admirable publication remains much the same from year to year. As the *St. Nicholas* magazine has of late catered more especially for older children, the place of *Harper's Young People* has been more peculiar to itself as a treasury of good things for the young, though not without a moderate provision for the more mature. Mr. Kirk Munroe's "Campmates," which is a truly admirable story, is for these. Only its completion is here, the first half of it having appeared in the volume for 1890. Other continued stories are Howard Pyle's "Men of Iron," and Miss Swett's "Flying Hill Farm." The index is strongest in the department of animals, and of these the dogs get most attention. The illustrations suffer less than those in the grown people's magazines from the encroachments of process engraving, yet more than is good. In one respect the bound volume suffers in comparison with the monthly numbers: the large double-page pictures are spoiled in binding. There are not many of them, but in future there should be none or they should be omitted from the bound volume. The picture of "The Divine Shepherd"—a lovely child-face—is so utterly spoiled that it had better have been omitted altogether than treated in this manner.

Betty Alden. By Jane G. Austin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, $1.25.

This agreeable and instructive story is further entitled as "A Story of the Pilgrims," and the heroine is described as "The first-born daughter of the Pilgrims." The story deals with the scenes and incidents of early colonial life, presenting us with life-like characters, bright and animated dialogue, and charming description. In her preface the author tells us that "not one of the original pilgrim graves was marked by any sort of monument," that those now known as such were identified and marked by descendants of at least the third generation. The last resting place of the brave Miles Standish is among the unknown, as is that of Elder Brewster, except that tradition says pretty clearly he lies on Burying Hill. Mrs. Austin's book forms an excellent help to the study of Puritan life and character.

"HOMILIES OF SCIENCE," which first appeared as editorial articles in the *Open Court* is the title of a volume by Dr. Paul Carus from the Open Court Publishing Company, consisting of a collection of short editorial articles discussing religious, moral, and social questions from the standpoint of what might briefly be characterized as the Religion of Science. The Homilies appeal through thought to the will; they are meant to convey sentiment without being sentimental, they do not employ emotional arguments, and there is not the slightest touch of professional piety about them; nevertheless they are deeply religious.

Prince Dusty. By Kirk Munroe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, $1.25.

This is a story of the Oil Regions, with the element of a fairy tale combined, profusely illustrated with very beautiful pictures. It is one of the "Rail and Water Series," published by this firm whose name is a guarantee for meritorious work, both in the subject matter of their books and the workmanlike and artistic manner in which they are presented to the public.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

Odes, Lyrics and Sonnets. by James Russell Lowell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 193. Price, $1.50.

More Borrowings. Compiled by the ladies of the First Unitarian Church, Oakland, Cal. San Francisco: C. A. Murdock & Co. Cloth, 16mo. Price, 75 cents.

Sir Philip Sidney. By H. R. Fox Bourne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 384. Price, $1.50. Half morocco, $1.75.

The Old Stone House and Other Stories. By Anna Katharine Green. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Paper, pp. 202. Price, 40 cents.

Notes from the Field.

Boston.—The Sunday School Union will be addressed by Prof. C. H. Toy, of Harvard University, and Rev. Brooke Herford, on "Methods of Bible Study."

—Gen. Armstrong still continues ill at the Parker House, but a rousing meeting was held at the Old South Church to aid his Hampton Schools.

—The A. U. A. has published in a fifty-cent volume, the last eight sermons [on the Lord's Prayer] by Rev. J. F. Clarke.

—Prof. Daniel Dorchester, Jr., gave an admirable lecture on "class relations," at Channing Hall.

—Rev. Lyman Clarke will address the Monday Club on "Denominational Schools."

—Rev. Brooke Herford is saying "good-bye" to the various organizations which he has aided so enthusiastically. The word is accepted regretfully.

—The pulpit occupied by Rev. Theodore Parker in West Roxbury will be removed from the old church, which is to be vacated, and will be placed in the new church building in another part of the town. Over it will be placed a fine memorial window.

—At the meeting of the A. U. A. Board, Dec. 8, $1,000 were voted Madison, Wis., and $833 to Helena, Mont.

Edward Emerson's Lectures.—Mr. Emerson's engagements for the present are as follows:

Columbus, Jan. 7, Indianapolis, Jan. 8, Anderson, Ind., Jan. 9, Jacksonville (?) Jan. 10 or 11, St. Louis, Jan. 12 or 13, Kansas City, Jan. 15, Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo (?) Jan. 17 to 24, Sioux City (?), St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Winona, Menominee, Wis., Jan. 24 to 31, Dubuque and Beloit, Wis., about Feb. 1.

Mr. Emerson will be in and around Chicago the first week in February, and any communications addressed to the Senior Editor of this paper will be attended to as promptly as circumstances will admit. He will be in more or less direct communication with Mr. Emerson during his stay in the West.

Newton Center, Mass.—December 13, the Unitarian minister of this place, Rev. Mr. A. W. Bowser, exchanged pulpits with the Methodist minister of Newton. Mr. Bowser has preached once before in the same Methodist pulpit.

On Thanksgiving day four churches here—Baptist, Orthodox, Methodist and Unitarian—united in one service, and their four clergymen officiated in the same pulpit, which was the Unitarian. As the Baptist and Orthodox churches here are much older, larger and more powerful than the Unitarian, and as the town is the seat of the oldest Baptist Theological Institute, which controls the church, the occasion was of some general significance.

Hamilton, Ontario.—A correspondent writes from Hamilton that the First Unitarian Church of Hamilton will be ready for occupying in about a month or six weeks, that the society is steadily increasing in numbers and looks forward with a great deal of pleasure to the opening of its new church. The society is not financially strong and is considerably behind in the building fund, so that any contributions would be thankfully received. Any one desiring to assist a worthy object is invited to send contribution to A. F. MacPherson, Internal Revenue Office, Hamilton, Ontario, Treasurer Unity Church.

Geneva, Ills.—Mr. Geo. B. Penney has spoken so acceptably to the society in Geneva, that he has received and accepted an invitation to supply the pulpit for six months from Jan. 1st.

—On Dec. 20 the friends in Geneva had the pleasure of listening to the remarkably bright paper by Rev. R. M. Webster, of Long Beach, Cal., on "The Chasm Bridged." It was read originally at the conference lately held at Los Angeles, and being published in the daily paper, was kindly furnished by friends in California for a lay reading in the Geneva pulpit.

Fargo, N. Dakota.—Rev. William Ballou was lately ordained to the Unitarian ministry in this place, the congregation taking the principal part in the ceremony, as represented by Judge Wallin. E. B. Winship conducted the responsive service, and A. E. Nugent gave the charge to the minister. The Fargo *Forum* says the society was never in better condition than now, and that it has thoroughly established its place among the permanent institutions of the town.

Chicago.—We learn from the Springfield *Republican* of Dec. 16, that Rev. W. W. Fenn, of the First Unitarian Church, Chicago, recently of Pittsfield, Mass., will build a summer cottage in Berkshire village.

—The Rev. L. J. Dinsmore was installed pastor of the Third Universalist Church, Chicago, on Monday evening, Dec. 21. Rev. Florence E. Kollock, Rev. J. S. Cantwell, Rev. M. H. Harris and Rev. A. J. Canfield took part in the services.

Englewood, Ills.—The Christmas services of the First Universalist Church of Englewood were held Dec. 27. The morning service was devoted to the children. The receipts from a "Bazaar" held under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society fell a little short of $375.00. The "King's Daughters" presented the minister, Rev. Florence E. Kollock, an "autograph quilt" made by themselves. The gift was accompanied with a touching address, expressing genuine sorrow at the approaching separation of Miss Kollock from her devoted people.

Buffalo, N. Y.—This city has a Liberal club, which at its regular meeting in December listened to an able, exhaustive essay by Dr. Schurman on "The Evolution of Religious Belief." Other speakers took part in the discussion of the paper, among them Rev. Thomas Slicer, agreeing with the essayist that "we are in an epoch of deeper religious convictions, of more constant moral earnestness of profounder moral passion."

W. W. U. C.—The directors held a meeting at Headquarters Dec. 22nd, to authorize the president and secretary to proceed with their arrangements to hold a Religious Council at Sherwood, in January, and such other meetings of a similar character as in their judgment may be deemed best.

Warren—Nora.—Rev. Chas. G. Brown, of Evanston, preached at Warren, Dec. 20, on "Freedom" and at Nora on "Gifts."

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

for January contains

Don Orsino.

The First Chapters of a Remarkable Serial Story by F. MARION CRAWFORD.

James Russell Lowell.

A paper of very great interest by HENRY JAMES.

Boston.

An Essay, never before printed, by RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The Creed of the Old South.

A strong and frank statement of the political views held in the South before and during the War, by Professor B. L. GILDERSLEEVE.

Why Socialism appeals to Artists.

An interesting paper by the famous English artist, WALTER CRANE.

The Greatest Need of College Girls.

A thoughtful and valuable essay, by ANNIE PAYSON CALL.

The Missing Interpreter.

A striking Short Story, by HERBERT D. WARD.

John Stuart Mill,

and the London and Westminster Review. Including several letters by Mr. MILL, edited by C. Marion D. Towers.

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A delightful out-door paper, with songs interwoven, by EDITH M. THOMAS.

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Mr. Blake, one of the editors of UNITY, writes of the same address: "I have read it with admiration and gratitude. Hardly I need say, yet, for my own joy, I will say that I agree with every syllable of it. It inspires and lifts me by a peculiar and heavenly power in it. I never have read a loftier piece, of its length, in any language or literature, nor do I see how any of any length could be nobler except by the reiterations and climbings of strength on strength which come by the fact of length."

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Mon.—Religion is not to believe, but to be.

Tues.—Salvation is preservation from uselessness.

Wed.—Damnation is loss of power to do.

Thurs.—To believe in progress is to believe in God.

Fri.—In every man lies the Infinite.

Sat.—Life is a wise balance between growth and decay.

—*E. P. Powell.*

Work, Work, My Boy.

Work, work, my boy; be not afraid;
Look labor boldly in the face;
Take up the hammer or the spade,
And blush not for your humble place.

There's glory in the shuttle's song;
There's triumph in the anvil's stroke;
There's merit in the brave and strong,
Who dig the mine or fell the oak.

The wind disturbs the sleeping lake,
And bids it ripple, pure and fresh;
It moves the green boughs till they make
Grand music in their leafy mesh.

And so the active breath of life
Should stir our dull and sluggard wills;
For are we not created rife
With health, that stagnant torpor kills?

I doubt if he who lolls his head
Where idleness and plenty meet,
Enjoys his pillow or his bread
As those who earn the meals they eat.

And man is never half so blest
As when the busy day is spent,
So as to make his evening rest
A holiday of glad content.

—*Selected.*

How We Found Jack.

No one could seem to manage Jack Doyale, at least, no one who had ever tried had really succeeded; he was a terror to our school, a slangy, impudent, rough, ragged Irish newsboy, with a hard-worked father, a slatternly stepmother and the poorest kind of a home.

By right of intellect he belonged in my grade, and I had tried so hard to find the boy heart under the roughness; to reach him, to touch him, but I could n't, and he was so bad that many a time, in despair I sent him to sit in Professor Haley's office, where he might, from the atmosphere, imbibe morality, but this he did not do.

Our district was, at its best, a hard one, a poor one; there was so much tardiness, absence, carelessness among many pupils that before the Christmas holidays our good professor told the children that when the new year came he would have hung in the main hall a very large bulletin board, on which at the end of each month the teachers might put the names of all the pupils who had been perfect in attendance for that month, and there those names would stay for four whole weeks! This, of course, was delightful, but still more delightful was it, on the first school day of the year, to see the great shining board, with its gilded "Happy New Year, 1891," and above it the beautiful holly wreath.

How the children worked that week! They came at eight o'clock, for fear of tardiness; they "attended" with their might—all but Jack! he was late three times and absent twice, out of pure meanness.

It was Friday night and all were in line for dismissal; Jack was at the head of my line; he could n't be in the middle, for that would mean war to the knife, and he could n't be at the foot for then I could n't see him, so he was at the head, where he did n't deserve to be.

We were waiting for the lower grade to file past, when the teachers, standing by their ranks, saw what Professor Haley, in the doorway did not see, saw what the children did not notice—a curious swaying, bending of the great bulletin board. We must not scream,—what could we do? I hid my eyes a second, fearing what they might see, but when they looked again, help had come.

There was my awful boy, my terror, grasping the cracking frame with his strong hands and shouting: "Say, git these kids out mighty spry; this thing's a comin' down!" Professor Haley rushed to aid him, and together they insured safety while the children were hurried past.

When it was all over, when the board had been removed from its warped frame, and things were right again, I found a pale, worn Jack sitting on one of my front seats, where the Professor had bound up his bruised head, thanked and praised him and left him to me.

With both hands on his shoulders, and his dirty, tired face looking up to mine, I told him what a brave thing he had done, how much suffering and harm he had prevented, how we all thanked him and never could stop thanking.

I shall not soon forget the look in the brown eyes as he said: "Well, Miss Benton, it's the fust time I ever done anythin' good, 'n now I'll try; I've tried afore, a minnit or two, 'n then I could n't, 'n then I'd go 'n sit in that offerce 'n hate 'em all—but if anybody cares 'n likes me any, I'll try."

Jack and I have been "solid" ever since, and he is making of his life a real success; whenever I look at him or others like him, I remember his words, "If anybody cares 'n likes me any, I'll try."

AUNT NITA.

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VI.—THE RELIGION OF PERSIA.

LESSON XVII.

(b) The great powers worshiped. Relation to Jewish and Christian faith.

1. In what does the **Avesta** show its relation to the older Vedic faith?
2. Name the great powers worshiped.
What did **Ahura Mazda** create and do?
What were the works of **Ahriman?**
What were the six **Amshaspands?**
3. The conflict of good and evil in this celestial warfare. How participated in by man on earth?
4. The good powers helped by the pure life of man, "purity of speech, of action, of thought."
5. Connection between Judaism, Christianity, and this faith. Satan, Magi at birth of Jesus, angels, etc.

NOTES.

Ahura-Mazda is but a modified conception of the more ancient sky-gods—Dyaus and Varuna—of the Aryans. Sanskrit **Asura** becomes Iranian **Ahura,** or "Lord." **Varuna** is "omniscient, all-knowing." Ahura-Mazda is, then, "the Lord of great knowledge."

The sky is spoken of as "a garment inlaid with stars, made of a heavenly substance, that Mazda puts on." The sun is "the eye of Ahura-Mazda."

Ahriman (Angra-Maniyu) is the old Cloud-Serpent; in the Avesta, the "Destructive Spirit," at war with all Life and Light, Truth and Good. Ever assisting him are the **Daevas**, or Demons, who have chosen to do evil.

The first king, **Yima**, suggests the Vedic **Yama**. Yima's reign was a golden age, his land in the later traditions a fabulous region. One day he fell, aspiring to be a god. His great sin was lying.

The Mazdean creed, contained in the **Yasna**, besides cursing the daevas and forswearing violence and stealing, says: "I confess myself a worshiper of Mazda, a follower of Zarathustra, professing and confessing the same. I profess good thoughts, good words, good deeds."

The appearance of representatives of this ancient religion, in the **Magi,** or "three kings of Orient," in the Christian legend of the Nativity, would seem to be in accordance with the expectation of a Saviour, come to bring in the last age of the world. By some it has been interpreted as the deference paid by a waning to a rising faith.

Tilling the earth was the most honorable of occupations. "He who sows corn sows holiness," said the **Vendidad.** It was more meritorious than "a hundred acts of adoration, a thousand oblations, ten thousand sacrifices."

The Sailing of King Olaf,

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Union Signal: The book is bright and good throughout, and shows great versatility of genius.

The Interior: All pure and indicative of a delicate, exuberant and poetic fancy, a true devotional spirit, a rare felicity of expression, and a correct and illustrated conception of what true poetry really is.

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PRELUDE.

What is your art, O poet?
Only to catch and to hold
In a poor, frail word-mould
A little of life;
That the soul to whom you show it
May say: "With truth it is rife,
This poem—I lived it of old."

Ah, the light wherein we read
Must be the light of the past,
Or your poem is nothing at best
But an empty rhyme,
And to summon back grief what need
Of word of yours?—Through all time
It abides with us to the last.

Sing to us of joy then. Borrow
Of life its happiest hours,
Sing of love, and hope, of flowers,
Of laughter and smiles;
But not too oft of sorrow!—
The song that our grief beguiles
Is the best in this world of ours.

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Publisher's Notes.

It is not quite a month since we sent out the first copies of "The Coming Climax," by Lester C. Hubbard, and the first letters from those reading the book are now coming in. Rev. Perry Marshall, late pastor of Unity Church of Hartford, Conn., writes as follows:

"This book evidently was written by a man who thoroughly believes every word he writes. It is heartily in earnest, and earnestness is a quality which the world will sanction. . . . The book abounds in historical knowledge and breathes a devout, even an evangelical spirit, and will prove interesting even to those who dissent from its conclusions."

Hon. A. E. Brunson, Pres. of the Illinois State Farmers' Alliance says in a private letter:

"I must say the author pictures the present conditions of the wealth producers of this country and the attitude of the money power toward such producers with wonderful accuracy, and from the laws of cause and effect predicts what we may reasonably expect in the future."

A recent number of the *Citizen*, published by the Central Labor Union of Cleveland, contains a remarkable editorial notice of the book which goes far to confirm Mr. Hubbard's statements as to the danger in the present restive feeling of workmen. The *Citizen*, while commending the style of the book, says that there is nothing new in it and that the predictions it contains have been made so often before that they make slight impressions on readers.

A recent article on the book in the Chicago *Express*, by Mr. John McGovern, a distinguished author and journalist of this city, is so important and striking that in spite of its length, we reprint it in full:

LESTER HUBBARD'S BOOK.

The Coming Climax in the Destinies of America.

We could have expected Lester C. Hubbard to produce an eloquent book. We knew he would make a brave book.

But there is a double emotion concealed for patriots beneath the pages of his volume. It is the fervent voice of the great prophet which we hear, but it is also the reason and the manner of our daily life—the method, the quietude, the argument, which the man of business puts to his daily calling, and the toiler uses for his daily bread.

Lester Hubbard has published a book of 480 pages. It is called "The Coming Climax in the Destinies of America." It is printed by Charles H. Kerr & Co., at 175 Dearborn Street, for 50 cents. I offer these facts, for they will be repeated none too often, I imagine.

The book is an arraignment of Plutocracy in America, and a complaint as well as an invocation directed to the middle classes—the well-to-do men of from $25 a week salary to $100 a week of profit or usurious money.

I do not know that Lester Hubbard has written any book before. To so frame an indictment as to begin with minor crimes, sweep toward some vast wickedness, and re-echo the climax, gentler and softer to the closing page—this would be the problem of the hired book-maker. This is not the manner of Jeremiah, Isaiah, or Elijah. Neither has Lester Hubbard assumed the artist's attitude. So that we would do well to note the result. Noting the fire which this author possesses, bursting upon him in shining pages—not to be put in memoranda for other chapters, but to be used straightway, incandescent, patriotic, hereditary, mystic—we must divide our readings.

I took hold of the book three times. Shall I say the book is thrice written? Ay, let me do more than that! As if this author and prophet were lithographer rather than scribe—were Prang-printer with his colored inks and stones—I read a portion of his tirade against the millionaires. It is one stone, one impression. I commence another chapter—I see the vivid colors of another stone—another—another—until I lay down the book, and am sure a prophet of the Biblical order has done his work—has spoken his high word—has made his astounding portrayal.

Let me, in justice to a remarkable book, make the figure plainer. I read a third of Hubbard's work. In some sense I see the picture. Its outlines are all there. I read another third. The tale is told again, perhaps, yet the scene grows stronger. I read the rest, and then, as if the final block of the printer completed my Christmas picture, the painter's idea bursts full of beauty upon me—the book had not been perfect without these three impressions.

To review Lester Hubbard's true eloquence, I know we should adopt a line of quiet language. So, I am at once unfitted for my task. I can not sit unmoved by truth, put all so poorly; how, then, may I contain my spirit when the things I would to have said are burned and branded into my own conscience by a weight that I can not withstand? For instance, he piles each separate and stupendous treason on old John Brown's head. Ossa and Pelion, Teneriffe and Atlas, Ætna and Chimborazo; heaps of lawlessness are put between John Brown and peace—between John Brown and order. This was treason, one treason, two treasons, three, four, five, six! Did ever soul this side of Satan so deserve the lawful gibbet of Virginia?

"He was captured, tried, condemned to death," says Lester Hubbard, "and the 2d day of December, 1859, while walking to his doom, stooped and kissed a negro child, then mounted the scaffold and was hanged. On that day, all over the great North, church bells tolled, women wept, and men greeted one another with solemn faces. On that day millions mourned over an executed criminal guilty of treason on treason. Tell them that he broke the law of the land and trampled the Constitution under foot, and with treasonable complacency they reply, 'Very true, but he was also a hero and a martyr, for he unselfishly wrought and bravely died for human liberty.'" "All of this," says the author, "goes to prove that a traditional loyalty to one's country, and a perfunctory reverence for its constitution, are all very well and perform their functions smoothly, under ordinary conditions; but hearts over-full with generous rage, and souls aflame at sight of noble deeds, quickly declare themselves emancipate from all orthodox formulas that would compel."

I have copied the words of this passage, but we can not convey the eloquence or power of the chapter.

I am almost silent with admiration of the knowledge which Lester Hubbard shows. To the Illinois miners of Spring Valley, after close reading of Henry Lloyd's book, Hubbard gives a dozen lines Hocking Valley, Pencoyd, Uniontown, Johnstown, 1877, Des Moines River, Lowell, Western Union—all the cancers that pock our body politic—these are but the life-saving eruptions that bespeak the disease of which Lester Hubbard treats. His session, his seat, his saddle in his subject, is as firm as Colonel Norton's knowledge of money and banking. I read this book—I smell this broth into which the plutocrats have stirred the eye of newt and toe of frog, and I begin at last to feel that Lester Hubbard knows better than I how hell's philtre has been brewed.

I am glad I read this book at 42. Ten years ago I would have gone into Lester Hubbard's house of thought only to gain ideas of building for myself. I would have demanded more form and less genius. Now I read and rest—and learn. If every prosecuting attorney of patriotism were under the ground, Lester Hubbard's book would alone convict and condemn this shameless age. A small band of men in the United States now stands adjudged, in my mind, not only of having plotted treason to Hamilton's aristocratic federalism, but also of having wrought destruction to democracy. The rule of the people does not now seem possible without the defeat of the most powerful oligarchy that has yet risen in civilization.

The book is before mankind. I am sorry it was needed. I am sorry if in making the road to liberty it blaze any heart that had left, in auricle of ventricle, some drop of Christian blood. But if I be of sound mind, and if I have anything worthy of the heritage left me by Thomas Jefferson, I say solemnly that I am glad it is written. A wonderful scribe rose up to inform scoundrels of nearly all their villainy.—*John McGovern.*

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